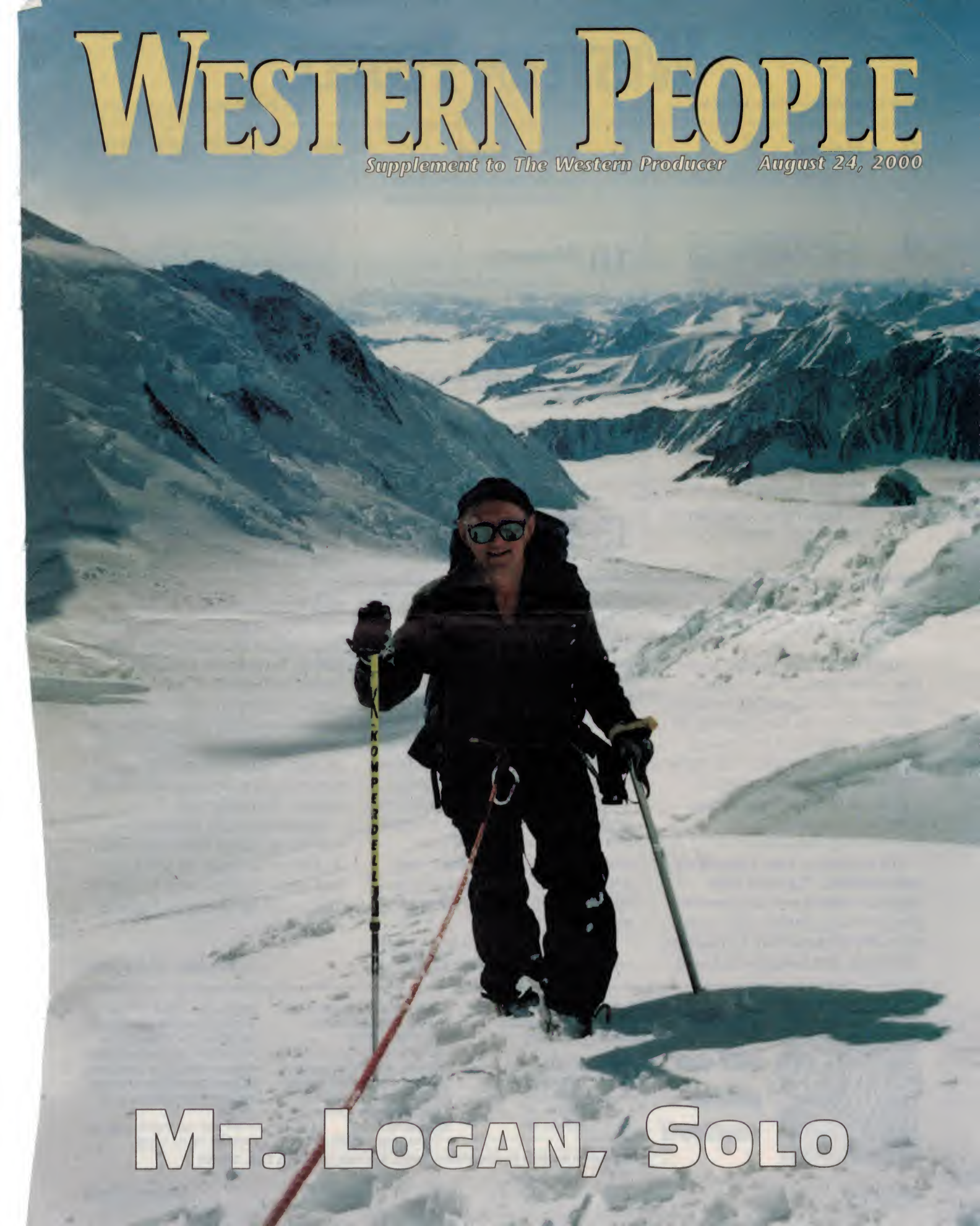


WESTERN PEOPLE

Supplement to The Western Producer

August 24, 2000

A woman in a black jacket and sunglasses is climbing a snowy mountain peak. She is using two ice axes, one in each hand, and a red rope is visible in the foreground. The background shows a vast, snow-covered mountain range under a clear blue sky.

Mt. LOGAN, SOLO

WESTERN PEOPLE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; ISSUE NO. 1,058

BOX 2500, SASKATOON, SASK. S7K 2C4

- 3 Humor**
— Something about socks.



Fiction

— "The Ramp," by Mona Caukill.

- 6 Good bugs**
— Angie Hall is doing her bit "to save the world."

- 8 Cover Story**
— The multi-faceted Rudy Sudrich takes on Mt. Logan.

- 10 Memory**
— Saskatoon berries with a little extra pizzazz.

- 11 Books**
— Three tomes for political junkies.

- 12 Prairie Wildlife**
— Doug Gilroy's long-running nature column.

- 13 KiDSPiN!**
— Art and activities for youth.

Haiku

A constellation
of yellow suns in the lawn.
Expanding universe.

— John G. Trehas

COVER PHOTO

Rudy Sudrich takes on Mt. Logan. Photo by Judy Hartling. Story, page 8.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome
Editor: Michael Gillgannon
Features Ed.: Karen Morrison, Sheila Robertson
Editorial Assistant: Donna Skaalid
E-mail: people@producer.com

Dear Reader

Anvil Press's 23rd annual three-day novel writing contest is set to happen on the Labor Day weekend. Writers are on the honor system to produce a real novel in 72 hours and mail it (along with a \$25 entry fee) to Anvil Press in Vancouver.

Here's an even tougher assignment: a 240-word novel . . .

The buzzing in Tony Farquahar's head subsided. The alien with sapphire-colored eyes withdrew the porcelain and stainless steel brain-wave demodulator from Farquahar's cerebellum and hung the tool on a

pegboard.

Sounds issued from the alien but while Farquahar thought they represented approving clicks, they were merely the sound of two feelers rubbing together. The alien had an itch, that was all.

Sometime later, or earlier—it was hard to tell which—Farquahar found himself at the door of a monastery in Dubuque, Iowa asking the brown-cowled brothers for a scrap of bread or a bowl of soup. Brother Dan scanned the features of the tramp and said, after a long delay, "Come on in. You will make an adequate monk."

Brother Tony liked working in the vegetable garden and communing

with the talkative carrots, the shy rutabagas and the haughty cucumbers. Most of all, he liked the stories told by the potatoes about the famine in Ireland. When it came time to harvest the vegetables, he at first resisted—they being friends and all—but a turnip assured him it was all right. "I'd just as soon be in a stew tonight as be stuck out here all winter," the turnip said.

After some years, Brother Tony was put in charge of the monastery. As soon as he could, he sold it to a real estate developer who levelled it and turned the site into a big shopping mall.

Michael Gillgannon



**Check
out our
photo
contest!**

• Theme: people of Western Canada (one or more people must be prominent in the picture).

• Prizes — \$1,000 for 1st
\$500 for 2nd
\$250 for 3rd
\$150 for 4th
\$100 for 5th

• Entries must be received no later than Aug. 31. Winners will be announced in October.

• Attach your name and address to each entry and identify the subject. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of material.
• No more than three entries per photographer.
• Photos (prints or slides) must be

recent—Jan. 1, 1998 to the present.

• Income from photography must not exceed 25% of total income.
• By entering you grant permission for your photo(s) to be published in *Western People*/*Western Producer* and used in promotions or on the website.
• WPP staff and immediate family members are not eligible.

• Send entries to: Photo Contest, *Western People*, Box 2500, Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 2C4

By wash day, my socks are in short supply. Sure, there are still lots of socks in the drawer, but most are in the dormancy stage associated with everyone's "only-in-a-pinch" pile. The good ones are in high demand. I have two basic species of socks. One species is worn during regular outings where warmth is not a primary issue. These are fairly lightweight, easy to put on and remove, but most importantly of a dark coloration. (Any light colored socks in my possession tend to look dirty after one hour of use.) The other species is called a "work sock" but in my case this moniker isn't the most appropriate. It should be called "comfort sock" or "really warm sock," since most of my work is now limited to the frantic search and peck of a one-fingered typist on the computer keyboard.

I'm easily misled by the strategies for marketing socks. The ones that come in packs of three at a fairly reasonable price and that are touted as "work socks" generally last about three outings. The elasticized tops tend to fail, with the result that the entire structures of my new socks are left flopping uselessly about in the vicinity of my big toes. Inevitably, this occurs when you're out in the middle of nowhere with some unduly complicated footwear firmly in place. The socks gradually shift downwards until there are huge lumps in the tips of your boots. Efforts to stop this trend are temporary at best, but out of habit I do occasionally stop to tug at the top of the errant sock while doing the jaunty little "loose-sock" jig.

Another thing I've noticed while purchasing socks is the image associated with that particular brand. Some of the holding tabs will show a growling bear or one of the big cats also in full snarl mode. What's with this? Subliminal advertising? Can smelly feet potentially trigger a predator attack?

If you're the sort who reads what materials are in your socks, you've entered a whole new realm. Various percentages and combinations of acrylic, nylon, spandex, cotton, polyester, polypropylene and wool may be present. Some of the "new-wave" socks may even list such things as olefin, stretch nylon and Kevlar. Now that

Kevlar thing really had me stumped. Isn't Kevlar used in tires and bulletproof vests? Talk about foot protection. What in the world could happen to your tootsies that would require an injection of that stuff?

Equally baffling is the fact that some socks specify the amount of wool in pounds. That also has me baffled. A three-pound sock? I have enough problems with my body weight without adding six pounds of socks. Then there's the matter of the type of wool. What does "worsted wool" mean to a

The secret of my sock-cess

Humor By Ron Montgomery



novice like me? Right off the bat there's the hint (in poor English I might add) that there must be better wool available if this is the "worsted."

I've also wondered about the "darning" of socks. What does that really mean? Some of my "only-in-a-pinch" socks have been called a lot worse than "darn."

I have purchased some socks promising protection in terms of warmth to minus 40 degrees. These socks not only looked warm and felt warm, but consisted of thick cushions of pure padding. My feet were completely numb with radiated warmth while encased in these works of art, but if you had even a tiny fear of heights the

thickness of this sole could feasibly push you over the edge.

Wool at its finest, it likely required the shearing of an entire flock of sheep to produce one pair. But—alas—they shrink. No matter how careful or how often these are washed, they shrink a tiny bit at a time. Then they're excruciating to put on. Since these are deemed my icefishing-in-any-weather socks, I generally only wear them on special occasions when my energy level is relatively high. Recovery time takes approximately a half-hour after the

socks are finally in place.

But back to my sock drawer. Occasionally, I'll discover a small hole in one of the really great socks, but I'll still wear them. That lasts for a short while until Dear-Heart discovers the hole. The sock is then dispatched in a humane manner and thrown out. Because I tend to buy a large number of socks in the same color and whine incessantly when one is missing, Dear-Heart has the presence of mind to toss only the most severely wounded sock. Thus, I manage to keep a reasonable supply of really good socks on hand, while suffering the humility of having my sanity questioned. Still, I stand proud and will defend to the finish my favorite old socks. ■

The Ramp

Fiction by Mona Caukill

I broke it last week, on the ramp. Well, it's sort of a ramp. It was really the side of the manure pile. It had thawed enough so that my brother Brian and I could get a shovel into it and most of it was dry and sort of crumbly, like dirt. We worked all day Saturday, shovelling and raking, and packing it hard by running the four-wheeler up and down, up and down. There were still a few solid cow patties, and they made hard lumps or hollows if we dug them out—but it was good enough, we figured.

As you've probably guessed, my dad is a farmer. Every spring, after seeding, he puts the bucket on the tractor and cleans out the corrals and the calving pens and piles the straw and manure at one end of the bale yard. In the fall, after he cultivates, he takes the manure wagon and spreads the whole pile on the fields.

Anyway, last summer was real wet and the harvest was real late and Dad didn't have time to spread the manure so the pile stayed there all winter. I bet it was twice my height at the peak and I'm tall, for almost nine.

Brian and I worked real hard to get two sides all smoothed out. We made them so they weren't quite so steep, like a ramp. That was Brian's idea. He's 10 and he's not bad for a boy, though sometimes he can be a real pain. But he does have some good ideas, and we figured that was one of them. By the time Mum called us in for supper, we

had the slopes just right.

Mum made us leave our boots in the outer porch and we both had to take a shower before supper. She frowned at Dad when he said it was no wonder I was so tall. He said that stuff would make anything grow.

The next morning, right after we'd done chores, me and Brian got the four-wheeler out. It's an 80-cc Suzuki, and it's kind of small for us now, but it's still

fun to ride. Mum hollered at us from the kitchen to remember that Uncle George and Aunt Laura were driving up from the city and bringing Gramma for noon dinner and not to get all mucked up like we did the day before and if we were riding the four-wheeler not to forget to wear helmets and to come in just before noon and to be careful. We yelled back that yeah we knew and no we wouldn't and we already had them





Cheryl McFie

on and yeah we would.

Aunt Laura's what my dad calls prissy prim, and Gramma's real old — probably at least 50. Uncle George and Aunt Laura don't have any kids. I heard my dad telling Mum that he wondered if Aunt Laura knew how. Mum hushed him up real quick so I don't think I was supposed to hear. Anyway, Mum always likes us to look nice when they come, and says we're

supposed to behave ourselves.

Brian and I took turns driving the four-wheeler up one side of the manure pile and down the other, just so we'd get the feel of it. We did that a couple of times each and then Brian took the bike back a little further and took a run at it. He was going pretty good and when he reached the top the bike took off—all four wheels—and came down about half way to the bottom of the

opposite side. You should've seen his face. He says he wasn't scared, but boy, did he look it.

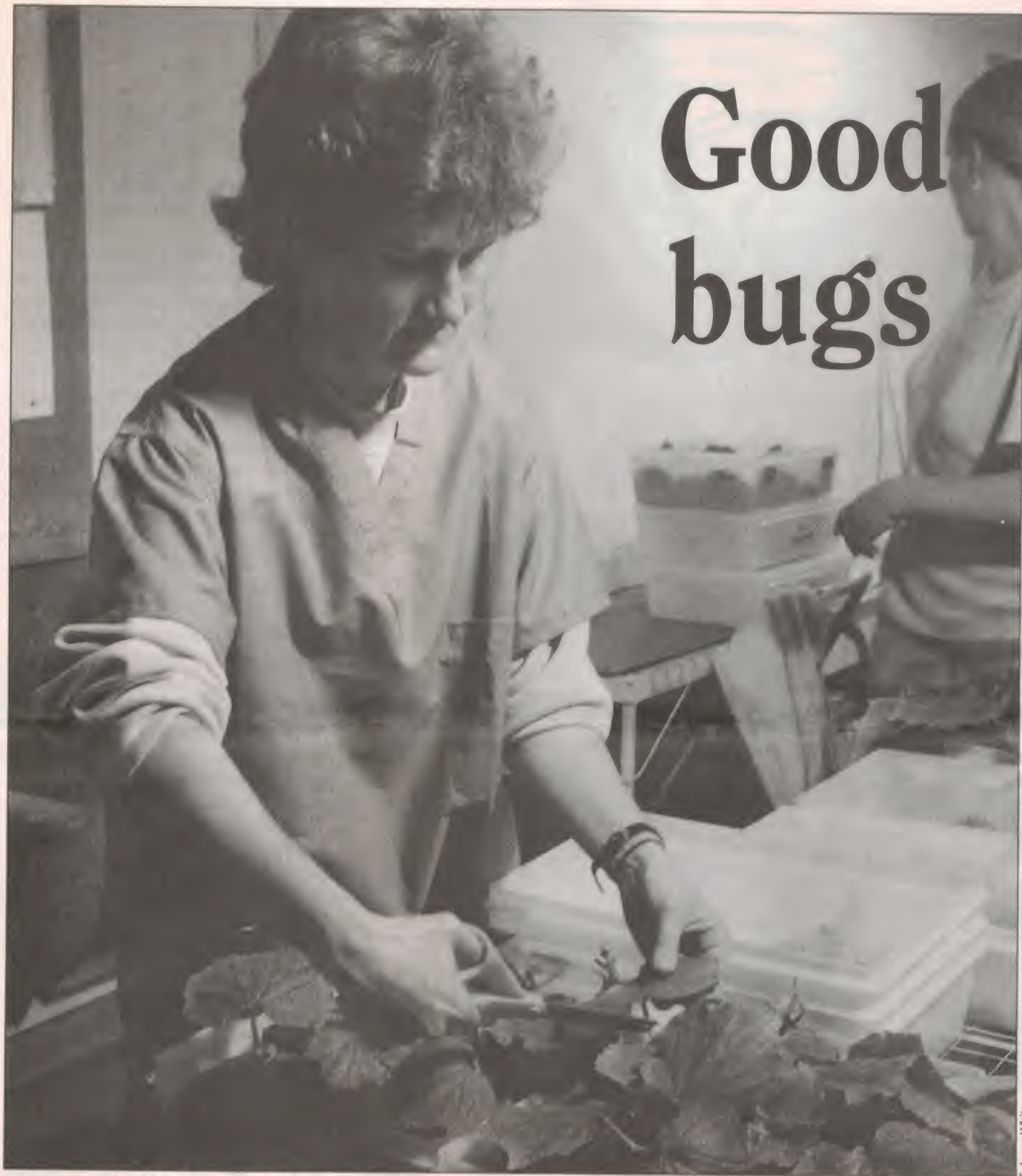
I was real scared myself, but if I didn't do at least as good, Brian would just call me a sissy girl and I'd never hear the end of it. I got on the bike, took it even further back than Brian had, hunched forward, and squeezed my thumb on the gas lever. Hard. The old four-wheeler kinda hiccuped, the back wheels skidded, and then I was headed for that manure pile as fast as I could go. It was like riding a rocket, but there must've been a hard lump at the top because just before we took off, the handle bars jerked out of my hands. The bike flew off to the right and I sailed off to the left. My dad says it's a good thing I landed on the manure pile 'cause it was soft, but it sure didn't feel soft to me. I landed on my left side and all my wind was knocked out of me. It felt awful. I could hear a funny sound, like, "Hugck, hugck, hugck," but I was too busy trying to suck in air to figure out that it was coming from me.

Brian still rolls around on the floor going, "Hugck, hugck, hugck," and teasing me about how funny I looked but he sure didn't think it was funny at the time. He was scared. He kept saying, "You okay, Annie? Annie? You okay?" over and over and then he ran for Dad.

I spoiled dinner. Dad had to drive me in to the doctor's office to get my left arm X-rayed. Gramma and Uncle George and Aunt Laura stayed just long enough to find out if I was okay, and then they went home. They're coming back at noon today, for dinner.

I hope Gramma and Uncle George and Aunt Laura sign my cast. All the kids in my class did and my brothers Dodge and Brian, and Mum and Dad. My little brother Jamie's only four, so he just scribbled.

It's just about noon now and Brian's waiting for me. We're going out to the field to call Dad for dinner. He's spreading the last of the manure. ■



E. Joyce White

Angie Hall harvests midge larvae off cucumber leaves.

WAS THERE a strange affinity with insects in Littlehampton, Sussex four decades ago? That's when entomologist Angela Hall was born there. In the same year, Littlehampton also saw the first research into predatory mites.

Hall came to Canada with her family as a small child,

settling first in Toronto and later moving to Vancouver Island, where she graduated with an MSc in entomology from the University of Victoria. However, it was not until she got involved in the industry herself that she found out the original research on predatory mites took place at an institute in her hometown the same year that she was born.

For many of us the wake-up call on the dangerous use of chemical insecticides came in the early 1960s with the publication of ecologist Rachel Carson's book, *Silent Spring*. Until then, chemical pesticides seemed to be the answer to our bug problems.

There would be no more of those nasty creatures destroying our crops, spoiling our flowers and biting us. It was Carson who showed us that human beings are a part of nature and that, in misusing pesticides, we were altering that delicate balance between the natural world and us.

Hall's interest in working on biological control and her husband Chris's desire to run his own business became the impetus for establishing Nature's Alternative at Nanoose on Vancouver Island. "We founded the company together," she said. "I am in the technical part, I really like working with insects. Chris is more the business end of sales."

She added, "We both believe in doing our little bit to save the world."

The company started in 1989 with just one species, a tropical lady beetle that feeds on mealybugs and aphids. In a decade, it has grown from a part-time operation to one that grossed more than \$1 million last year.

Nature's Alternative Inc. (also known as The Bug Factory) now supplies predatory insects to combat spider mites, caterpillars, cutworms, rootworms, grubs, aphids, fungus gnats, whiteflies and thrips.

Research and Development at the Bug Factory has even developed an insect version of Viagra. When sprayed on plants, the product, called Ovi-Stim, increases the egg production of predatory midges tenfold.

The company ships predatory insects across the world to greenhouses, farms, hotels, shopping malls, etc. The day this writer visited the Bug Factory, Hall and her assistant were harvesting midge larvae from off the cucumber leaves, where they had been raised. The larvae look like green dust until viewed under a powerful microscope, and then you can see the individual grubs glistening like tiny colored jewels.

Within a couple of days, these larvae would pupate and then be sent in special shipping and release moisture packs. In one week, the adult midges emerge from the cocoons, flying off and searching out spider

mite infestations. Timing is critical in the whole operation, from harvesting of the larvae before it pupates, to the shipping of the cocoons at the right time. This shipment was destined for Belgium.

Nature's Alternative produces insects all year. These insects do occur naturally in the wild, but the Bug Factory provides them in the quantities and at the time needed for large-scale operations. Each species is packed and shipped differently. Some mites are placed in granular material, packed in vials and shipped. Nematodes make their voyages on damp sponges in plastic bags, and the mealybug predators are dispatched as adult beetles in plastic bottles.

Many of Nature's Alternative customers are greenhouses operators located in British Columbia's Lower Mainland, but over the 10 years the company has been in operation, there have been many changes. Hall explained: "When we started out there were a lot of Mom and Pop backyard greenhouse type operations where the owner was the grower. Now the industry has changed, become so much more sophisticated." The owners are now putting in 20 to 30 acres at a time and hiring growers and biological control specialists.

Nature's Alternative, in addition to raising its own "in-house" bugs, supplies predatory insects from other research facilities; and also provides

pollination services by supplying bumblebees that have been bred in Ontario.

As their business grew and the industry changed, Angie and Chris Hall made the decision to expand. Last year, in order to raise money, they sold part of the company through the Venture Capital Corporation. This consists of a pool of investors from the local community

"We are still a small company but we are all skilled people working together to go into the future," Hall said. As the business grows, the head office may be moved to Vancouver, but production and research will stay in the present facility at Nanoose. This acreage is needed to house the greenhouses used in raising plants for feeding the larvae, the climate controlled laboratories for breeding of the insects, and for research facilities.

There are 12 full-time permanent employees on staff including one of the top technical advisors in the world in this business. He is able to give counselling to clients on a limited basis. University students meet the need for additional staff during the summer months. Also in residence is the honorary president of the company, Rosemary, a pet tarantula. Her tank sits at the head of the table in the boardroom.

As well as servicing the traditional commercial customers, the Bug Factory is looking toward supplying the home gardener in the future, possibly through a North American distributor of garden products. Receiving orders by linking up with the Internet is another possibility.

Angie Hall is vice-president of the Association of Natural Bio-control Producers, an international trade association that is working on quality control standards. She will assume the responsibilities of the presidency later this year. The association is developing quality control standards for the industry and is working as a group to decide on what constitutes good biological management.

It is a long way from Littlehampton Sussex to Nanoose Bay on Vancouver Island but for Angie Hall, production manager of Nature's Alternative, life has come full circle. ■■

By E. Joyce White

"WE BOTH BELIEVE IN DOING OUR LITTLE BIT TO SAVE THE WORLD."

By Roxanne
Livingstone

During the Calgary Stampede of 1968, a newly arrived Czech immigrant wandered the streets in awe. Chuckwagons rattled past him, horses whinnied, people sauntered past in chaps and cowboy hats. It seemed the wild west was still thriving in this new country called Canada.

Rudy Sudrich went into the employment office, and with the help of a translator, asked if he could get a job as a cowboy. In Communist Czechoslovakia, the only North American movies people were permitted to see were Westerns and Charlie Chaplin films. His



Rudy Sudrich, 59, heads up Canada's highest mountain.

All or nothing

*Rudy Sudrich wasn't planning
to climb Mt. Logan alone,
but that's how it worked out.*

*"It took all my mental strength
to keep going against the fear.*

*Every step I took, I had to calculate
three times if it was safe."*

encounter with participants in the Calgary Stampede had convinced him that all Canadians were still cowboys or Indians, just like in the movies.

Sudrich never fulfilled his yearning to become a cowboy, but he has numerous other accomplishments. He became the first person in the new millennium to reach the summit of Canada's highest mountain. He climbed nearly 18,000 feet on Mt. Logan, Yukon Territory, in May. He did it solo, with no mountaineering experience, no compass, barometer or Global Positioning System.

"There I was alone on the mountain with camouflage gaiters because I couldn't get the proper

booties. The professional climbing teams, including the group with the blind climber, stared at me like I was a yahoo. But I marked the way for them," Sudrich, 59, says with a laugh.

Sudrich is an experienced cross-country skier, but he was not planning to ascend Mt. Logan by himself. He was climbing with Yukon's Crown Prosecutor, Judy Hartling, but on the ninth day she had to be flown out for medical treatment. Sudrich refused to return to civilization with her. He pushed on alone for the next 12 days with no radio communication.

"I was in fear for the entire time. If one thing went wrong, the whole trip would fall apart. Sometimes I crawled on my belly with an ice axe in each hand," he recalls.

Sudrich experienced temperatures dipping to minus 40 degrees, combined with winds reaching 70 kilometres an hour. At times, ice blocks the size of apartment buildings were crashing on his left and right.

"At night, I could hear the crevasses shifting under me. It took all my mental strength to keep going against the fear. Every step I took, I had to calculate three times if it was safe."

That Sudrich miraculously survived this climb is yet another event to add to a lifetime of uphill battles. His story is an adventure tale that involves everything from machine guns to mountains.

Born in Brno, Czechoslovakia, during the Second World War, he remembers the day the Americans liberated his country from German occupation. "I was four years old in 1945, on the train with my parents. Suddenly, American bomber pilots swooped low and opened machine gun fire. The bullets pounded on the train platform like hail.

"I looked up and saw the wide grin of the black pilot in the cockpit. That smile meant freedom for our country. Freedom, glorious freedom!"

Three years later, Sudrich was involved in a bus crash on a ski hill. His nose and femur were broken. His nose became crooked as a result and the leg was set improperly, so it healed an inch and a half shorter than the other leg. The prognosis was not good.

"I was told I'd walk with a limp and then I'd be wheelchair-bound by this

age," Sudrich says with another of his ready laughs.

Nor did the young man have the benefit of higher education. The Communist government decided Sudrich was not academic material, so his schooling was stopped at Grade 8. He was told to become a lathe operator.

Instead, he became a trophy-winning steeplechase jockey. Live theatre in Czechoslovakia at the time often included horses, and this 5 foot, 5 1/2 inch lightweight performed many roles on horseback.

Sudrich says he learned life's most important lessons from the gypsies, known as the Roma. He spent two years in a Roma village of 11,000 on the Slovakia-Hungary border.

"The gypsies were always happy no matter what happened to them. Even if they lost an ear in a fight, they didn't cry about it. And they're very adaptable to survive. That's what I absorbed."

The ability to adapt to survive soon became paramount in Sudrich's life. In August of 1968, Russian tanks rolled into his country. He escaped Czechoslovakia by pretending he was simply going for a hike in Austria for the weekend. He took only \$50 and left his wife and two children behind. (They would join him later.) Before long, the 28-year-old was on the first plane of political refugees to Canada.

"My best friend and I looked at a map of Canada and he went to Toronto, I went to Calgary. We thought we could visit each other on weekends! I had no idea how big this country is! I'm dumb like Forrest Gump," he says, laughing until tears roll down his cheeks.

When the Calgary Employment Office told Sudrich to forget the idea of becoming a cowboy, he took English language classes during the day and washed dishes in a Chinese restaurant at night.

Sudrich moved his family to the Yukon in 1969 and worked as a heavy equipment mechanic, but in his leisure hours he pursued an adventurous hobby. "I gathered up stray

dogs and put together a team to race in the winter festival called Rendez-Vous. I froze my toes a few times on training runs before I learned what kind of boots to wear."

Although Sudrich struggles with reading and writing, he managed to pass the exams to become one of the more qualified cross-country ski coaches in Canada. With his skill as a self-taught massage therapist, he became sought after by the National Cross Country Ski Team. He was able to travel in Europe with the team, including a trip to the Lillehammer Olympics.

His tanned face creases into laugh lines as he remembers those days. "I wore white clothing in Europe to do massage and people started calling me Dr. Sudrich. I told them I don't have my PhD, I just have my H.D. They asked me what that meant and I told them Heavy Duty. I'm a heavy-duty mechanic!"

During the summer, Sudrich trained endurance riders in British Columbia for 100-mile horse races. He supported his athletes at the North American Championships in Flagstaff, Ariz. by massaging both horse and rider.

Today, this happy, adaptable man is back to coaching cross-country skiing in Whitehorse while operating the trail-grooming machinery.

As for Sudrich's next adventure, "It's hard to guess what's next," he says. "They say life begins at 60!" ■



Sudrich performs as a court jester on horseback, late 1950s.

Saskatoons with spirit

By Ralph Schmidt

My friend Tom Hawkins likes to tell the story of 42-foot saskatoon berries. They weren't that wide or tall, but they were propelled that distance by their spirits.

The Hawkins family came from England to a homestead north of Battleford, Sask., in 1914. In 1936, he recalls, the various components of weather, soil and genetics combined to produce the most bounteous crop of saskatoons local farmers could recall. Some of the trees were so heavily laden with fruit that the stems were bent over, making the situation ideal for even a short picker. A few trees had even broken under the strain. An efficient picker could fill a five-pound lard pail in 10 minutes.

It was a great opportunity to lay in a supply of very tasty canned fruit at little cost. The major cash outlay was the cost of fruit jars and sugar. Sometimes, in a very lean year with little money available, a batch of saskatoons would be canned without adding sugar at all in the hope that sugar would be available when the berries were consumed. In a real tough year, when there was no grain crop at harvest time, the berries were eaten without any sweetening.

The struggling Hawkins family took full advantage of the bumper crop. The whole family pitched in to pick gallons of berries. The canning operation was carried out mainly by Tom's mother. Before long, every available sealer was filled with berries. Since every family member very much enjoyed eating these tasty berries, the lack of more fruit jars presented a real problem. The fam-



ily did not want to curtail the production of more preserves, but they couldn't afford to buy more jars. Fortunately, Tom's father came to the rescue.

Mr. Hawkins had carried on an old Yorkshire tradition of making a 10-gallon batch of beer each year. At the time of the bounteous crop of saskatoons, there were at least 10 dozen empty beer bottles not in use. Tom's mother decided these bottles could be used to preserve even more saskatoons. It was a bit of extra bother to fill the bottles with berries, but she persevered, and the winter supply of canned fruit was extended considerably.

It was early in January that Tom's father decided to sample the saskatoons which had been preserved in beer bottles. As he released the bottle cap, the contents erupted, spewing the contents everywhere. His white hair immediately took on a purple hue, spotted with

berries. The white ceiling of the room was now adorned with huge purple polka dots. Some berries even got into the piano. The whole family burst into laughter. Even the head of the household could not restrain himself when he looked in the mirror and saw his new hair color.

Within minutes, everyone pitched in to clean up the mess. Even the ceiling was scrubbed in preparation for a fresh coat of whitewash the next day.

When the cleanup was done, Tom's oldest brother Clifford got an inspiration. He was interested in determining just how much force was in a bottle of these lively preserves. He decided to run a test outside in the snow. He went out in the yard and opened a bottle of preserves tilted at a 45-degree angle. The sudden explosive ejection of berries and juice immediately spread a purple stain over a considerable stretch of snow. A measurement was taken. The farthest berry had been propelled forty-two feet, three inches.

There was still a stock of more than 100 full beer bottles. How could the family avoid wasting the contents? Again, the scientifically minded Clifford found the answer. He punctured a tiny pinhole in each bottle cap and was successful in slowly releasing the pressurized carbon dioxide within. Once this was completed, the bottle cap was removed and the contents emptied into a bowl.

These berries became the favorite dessert in the Hawkins home. Everyone commented favorably on both the flavor and bouquet of the beer-bottle saskatoons. Those members who had seconds always left the table in high spirits. ■■

FOR POLITICAL JUNKIES

By Verne Clemence

Three new titles offer a banquet for political junkies. In *The Next Canada: In Search of Our Future Nation*, Edmonton writer Myrna Kostash looks through the eyes of the under-35 generation to get a glimpse of what lies ahead. Judging from what she heard in scores of interviews she carried out across the country, the values of the past will continue to guide the decision makers of the future.

Most do see a new order coming, primarily as a result of globalization. With the projection that within the next decade less than 50 per cent of the total Canadian workforce will be engaged in full-time, salaried employment, few expect to live as their parents lived.

To her surprise, Kostash heard repeatedly that regardless of workforce shifts or other new directions, maintaining the country's core values is a priority for the next generation. She had started her research in the wake of the Free Trade Agreement amid fears of "deCanadianization," expecting to hear that young Canadians were turning away from the values of their parents.

Yet the young want to maintain medicare and the social safety net. They want to retain a mixed economy with a strong role for government. They favor liberal social policies, a distinctive culture, tolerance and an uncompromising commitment to rights and freedoms as defined by the Charter.

This is the fifth major

work for this award-winning writer. McClelland and Stewart is the publisher; the hardcover price is \$34.99.

Former Tory political strategist Hugh Segal looks to the past in his new book, *In Defence of Civility*. The one-time chief of staff for Prime Minister Brian Mulroney revisits his media guru days. He assembled a collection of his old newspaper columns and broadcast commentaries, along with some partisan speeches from his time in the Tory front lines, to beat the drum for more civility in the political system.

Segal is eloquent in his arguments, though he wasn't above slinging some mud in his own career. Some of his writings on the Trudeau years, for example, were high in acid content.

But by and large he did take a philosophical approach, focusing on ideas as opposed to dogma or personalities. He strongly believes that Canadians are first, last and always moderates; that the country wants politicians who are honest, open and tolerant, and that ideological considerations are not that important.

Segal worries about what he describes as "a profound disconnect between the political/media complex and the day-to-day reality of Canadians." He says the media are caught in a bubble, "a complex political bubble that is a key determinant of the public agenda but fails to reach out to where people live and work."

Segal writes with humor and insight. Stoddart is the

publisher; the book sells in hardcover for \$34.95.

Another 20th-century politician of note, former Manitoba Premier Duff Roblin, reflects on a distinguished career in his autobiography, *Speaking for Myself: Politics and Other Pursuits*.

Roblin, 83, undertook the daunting task of rejuvenating a moribund Progressive Conservative party in Manitoba in the 1950s.

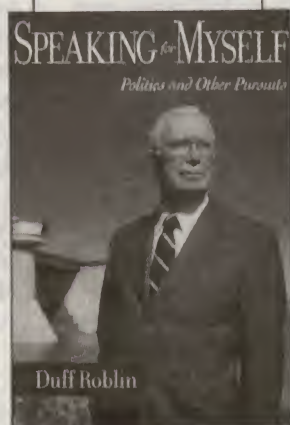
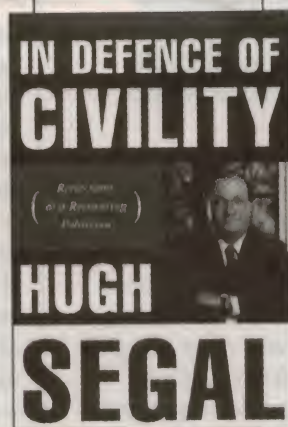
The Tories were in a rut after joining the ultra-right Liberals in a wartime coalition. A moderate himself, Roblin wanted to move the party more to the centre. He ran and won in a Winnipeg riding in 1949 and took on the establishment.

The public liked him, even if his fellow Tories had doubts. He overcame a hostile press and an empty treasury to take over the leadership. The Tories formed a minority government in 1958, then won a comfortable majority in 1959.

Roblin came from a family tradition of "Disraeli conservatism," not dogmatic or reactionary but respectful of traditions, and that characterized his decade as Manitoba premier.

He writes with candor of his years in power, assessing his own weaknesses as well as his accomplishments. He sharply rebuffs opposition attempts to link his name to scandal in northern Manitoba. He also discusses his unsuccessful run at the national Tory leadership, as well as two unsuccessful tries for a federal seat. And he speaks out for Senate reform, based on his own experiences as a Mulroney appointee to the Senate.

The book, from Great Plains Publications, is \$32.95. ■



THOUGHTS ON GEESE

Column No. 1587
by Doug Gilroy

It is difficult to say whether spring or fall is wild goose time. In spring, our pulse beats are quickened by the sight of strings of wild geese flying northward overhead in the

geese in the photo are a flock of big Canada geese near Last Mountain Lake.

There are several subspecies of the Canada goose. They range from the big honker, that gets as large as 18 pounds, to the small cackling goose, about the size of a mallard duck. All members of the fam-

ally to the Canada goose as "honker." This should be applied to the larger races who have the deep vibrant voices that we all associate with Canada geese. The smaller kinds like the cackling geese have almost shrill yelping voices.

Most of us seem to know Canada geese mate for life. This choosing of mates takes place during their second to fourth year of life. The usual clutch of eggs is five, but two to nine may be laid. Incubation is about 25 days.

Geese may nest on the ground, on the ledge of a cliff or on top of a muskrat house out on the marsh. They have also been known to nest on an old osprey or blue heron nest high in a tree.

Have you had any unusual visitors at your feeders this summer? A friend up on the hill here has seen a brown thrasher taking the odd peanut from her feeder. I didn't know thrashers liked peanuts.

A yellow warbler has been coming all summer to peck at the suet in my hanging log feeder. I also had an invasion of woodpeckers, both hairy and downy. A pound of suet wouldn't last a week.

The hairy woodpeckers would fill up their big beaks and fly away to feed their young. Then later they brought their young to the trees near the feeder. The downys did the same. In June, a family of chickadees fed their young all day. No reason to complain about all the summer visitors: they are great company. ■



familiar V formation. We know then winter is over and that spring migration is on.

Again in the fall, when the air is sharp and tangy and the trees are a mass of color and the fields are stiff with yellow stubble, it is another thrill to hear the first wild honks, then look up and see the geese coming back again.

The hunter is glad, for the goose is the king of all game birds to challenge his skill and wits. But, with the return of the geese, some of us are saddened to realize that summer has come and gone and tough Old Man Winter is close at hand.

In the fall, I imagine the geese, tired of babysitting, look forward to a few months of carefree grazing on sedge and other grass-like plants. The

**Canada geese
breed across
Canada and
Alaska, with a
gradual change
in size and
color from
north to south.**

ily are easily recognizable for their black heads and necks, with prominent white cheek patches.

Canada geese breed across Canada and Alaska. *Waterfowl Tomorrow* states there is a gradual change from north to south in size and color of the subspecies. The small, short-billed, short-necked geese nest in the arctic tundra while the birds become progressively larger in the forested and prairie regions to the south.

The darkest birds occur in the extreme northwestern coastal portions of the breeding range and lighter forms are found in interior and northeastern North America. Birds of the Central Arctic are intermediate in size and color.

Most sportsmen refer gener-



Jake Boryskiewich, 8
Angusville, Man. ▼



Thanks for getting us here

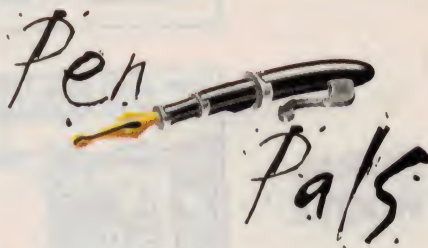
Jeffrey Romanyk, 13
Regina, Sask.

All the years that I've been here,
times of joy and times of fear.
Remembering all of the friends I've made,
I could summarize every grade.
Kindergarten was the year,
that ended in joy but started in fear.
All we did was paint and play,
not being able to wait for the next day.
Then after that came Grade 1,
which of course was the most fun.
Little boys and tattletales,
"teacher he pulled my pigtails!"
Next of all was Grade 2,
the fun was over we all knew.
Math and science, French and more math,
trying your hardest to be nice to staff.
I don't remember much of the third grade,
all I remember was lots of crafts
were made.
Grade 4 was lots of fun,
but we all feared the grade to come.
It was Grade 5 and we all knew,
verbs and math and science too,
could not wait till we were through,
And to the Grade 6 room we would pass,

where we would learn
to sit quietly in class.
Grade 7 was hard enough,
the hours were long, the
work was tough.
It was hard but the fear was getting great,
for we feared that we were close to Grade 8.
Grade 8, wow! What can I say,
it seemed less like a year and more like a day.
Sure there was lots of work I won't argue that,
but to the parents, I raise my hat.
You've been there through good times
and the bad,
from the first time we set foot in this
school to our farewell and grad.
You helped us with our math when we
didn't understand,
you explained difficult subjects, and
would always hold our hand.
When we got too cool for you
to hang around,
you still helped us and continued to be proud.
Without all of you we wouldn't have had,
the chance to be gathered here to
celebrate our grad.

The Kids' Help Phone is free, it's confidential, and it's 24
hours a day. A friend is always on the other end of the line.

1-800-668-6868



Hi! My name is Samantha Lee. I am eight
years old. I would like a girl penpal age 8-
10. My hobbies are: horseback riding, ani-
mals, school, farming, fishing and nature. If
you want to write to me get me at: Box 599,
Blackfalds, Alta., TOM 0J0.

Hi! My name is Kurtis Goertzen. I am 11
years old. I like to swim and play soccer. I
also like computers and reading. I live on a
farm and would like a boy or girl penpal
around 11-12 years old. If interested write
to: Box 242, Christopher lake, Sask.,
S0J 0N0.

Hi! I am 11 and I am looking for a girl pen-
pal ages 10-13. I like to read, write, play
sports and listen to music. If I sound inter-
esting, write to me at: Danielle Healy, Box
450, Vulcan, Alta., TOL 2B0.

Hi! My name is Ayla Jerema and I'm nine
years old. I'm looking for a girl penpal 9-10.
I'm interested in animals, skating, horseback
riding, reading and swimming. Write to: P.O.
Box 56, Egmont, B.C., VON 1N0.

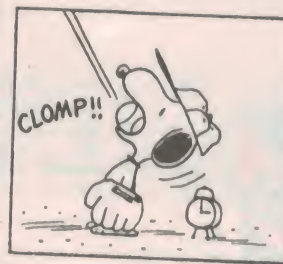
Hi! My name is Lena Scott. I am 12 years
old. I would like a penpal, age 12-15, male or
female. I live on a horse ranch. I enjoy rid-
ing horses, drawing, reading and comput-
ers. Will respond to all letters. Please write to:
P.O. Box 1895, Cochrane, Alta., TOL 0W0.

KIDSPiN inventor contest

Do you have some great original inven-
tion brewing in your brain, something that
would make life around the farm a whole
lot easier? Submit a brief description (under
200 words) telling us how your invention
would work along with a picture drawn on
plain white paper. (Please, don't send in
an idea for something that already exists.
Make something up, the more fantastic,
the better.)

All entries must be received in our office
by Sept. 15 and must include your full
name, age, mailing address and a daytime
telephone number on the back. Entries
cannot be returned. Send your entries to
KIDSPiN's Inventor Contest (our addresses
are at the top of this page.) T-shirts and
book prizes go the most inventive in age
categories 5-8, 9-11, 12-14 and 15-18.
Good luck!

PEANUTS Classics



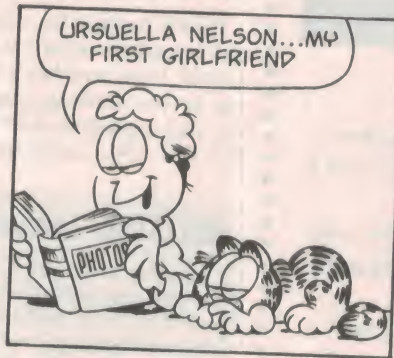
RURAL ROOTZ



For BETTER or for WORSE



GARFIELD

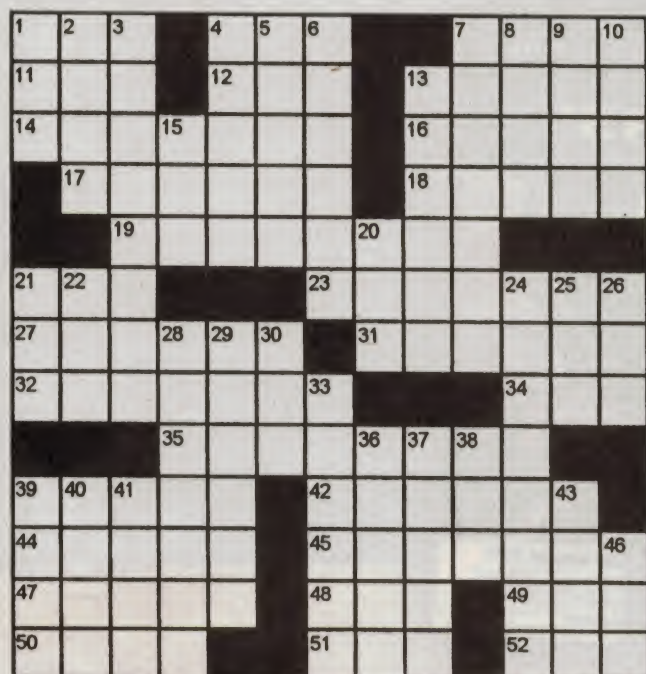


BETTY



Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener



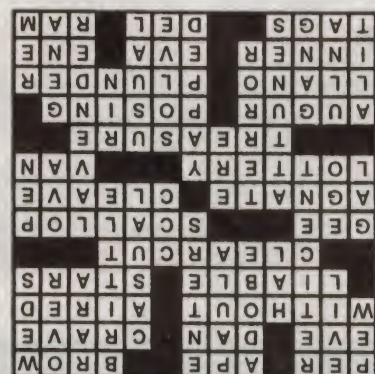
ACROSS

1. According to
4. Chimpanzee
7. Forehead
11. Time just before
12. Judo degree
13. Long for
14. Lacking
16. Went public with
17. Legally responsible
18. Constellation units
19. Unambiguous
21. Turn right
23. Pilgrim's badge
27. Related on father's side
31. Sunder
32. Sweepstakes
34. Opposed to rear
35. Valuable things
39. Fortuneteller
42. Showing off
44. Grassy plain
45. Commit robbery
47. More private
48. Juan Perón's wife
49. Compass point
50. Quotations used for effect
51. Singer Shannon
52. Butt against

DOWN

1. Church bench
2. Like Satan
3. Un-communicative
4. Sun-dried brick
5. Singer Abdul
6. Joins
7. Easily snapped apart
8. ___ avis
9. In excess of
10. Gets married
13. Not planned
15. Cartoonist Foster
20. 300 in Rome
21. "For Me and My ___" (musical)
22. Selfishness
24. Pale purple
25. Eggs
26. Female pen

28. Harmonizes
29. Consternation
30. Before
33. Talked away
36. Find the key to
37. Ordinary
38. ___ Tin Tin
39. Got down
40. Forearm bone
41. Bunch of criminals
43. Actress Rowlands
46. Rock band



MAILBOX

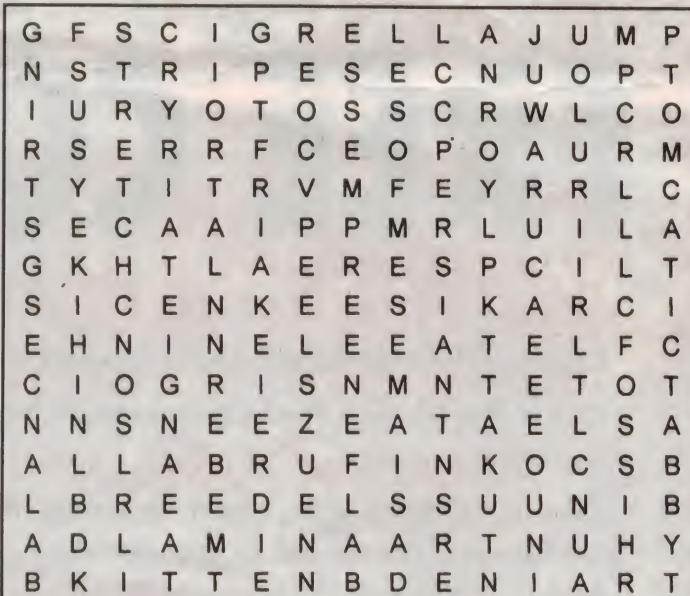
Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

- Wanted:** Music and words to song, Side By Side. The original song dates back to the '30s or '40s. — Madeleine McTaggart, Box 58, Livelong, Sask. S0M 1J0, 306-845-2053.
- Wanted:** Information on Gloria Bond. Dad, A.G. Bond taught at Hill Point School south of Dinsmore, Sask. in 1928-29, then moved on. Gloria probably married later. — Violet (Sanders) Andrunyk, 104 - 929 - 37th St. S.W., Calgary, Alta. T3C 1S4.
- Wanted:** For family history research the U of S Library requires history books from Manitoba communities. If you have titles you could donate or sell, please contact: Neil Richards, Special Collections Department, University of Saskatchewan Libraries, Saskatoon, Sask. S7N 5A4, 306-966-6029, neil.richards@usask.ca.
- Wanted:** Set of Best In Children's Books, Nelson Doubleday Inc., Garden City, N.Y. About 14 in set. — Mandi Matheson, General Delivery, Kirriemuir, Alta. T0C 1R0.
- Wanted:** Wall plate, Autumn in New England — Cider Making by Currier & Ives. Please send to: Irene Bold, Box 322, Leask, Sask. S0J 1M0, 306-466-4616.
- Wanted:** Book, In the Face of the Winds, published 40 years ago about prairie homesteading. Originally was printed in serial form in a prairie newspaper and then made available in hardcover form. — V. Souder, 8930 B - 150 St., Edmonton, Alta. T5R 1E7.
- Wanted:** Complete set of Time-Life's The Old West. Will pay reasonable price for books in good condition. Write stating price and condition to: Sharon Downey, 119 Deborah Cres., Saskatoon, Sask. S7J 2W9 or e-mail: j.downey@sk.sympatico.ca or call 306-477-3810.
- Wanted:** Books written by Frank Anderson: The Frontier publication books only, The Carbon Murder Mysteries; The Lost Lemon Mine, Bill Miner: Train Robber, etc. There are 30 or more books. — Randel Welsh, Box 163, Big Valley, Alta. T0J 0G0, 403-876-2155.
- Wanted:** Copy of the Number 1, 50 Favorite Cowboy Songs by Alberta Slim through CKRM Radio, Regina, Sask. — C. LaCoste, Box 98, Minton, Sask. S0C 1T0.
- Wanted:** Prints of Scottish Highland Cattle that were sold by The Western Producer in the 1930s. Titled Sunrise on Loch Katrine and Sunset on the Loch. Also, would like any other articles or prints of Highland Cattle. — Tedi Waite, Box 506, Foam Lake, Sask. S0A 1A0, 306-272-3352.

CATS

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.



- | | | | |
|-----------|------------|---------|---------|
| Allergic | Ginger | Pounce | Stripes |
| Animal | Hiss | Preen | Tabby |
| Balance | Hunt | Purr | Tail |
| Basket | Jump | Scratch | Tomcat |
| Breed | Kitten | Siamese | Toy |
| Clean | Lick | Sleep | Trained |
| Colour | Litter | Sneeze | Tricks |
| Companion | Meow | Soft | |
| Curl | Nine Lives | Stalk | |
| Cute | Persian | Stretch | |
| Furball | Play | String | |

Solution
(17 letters):

friend
feline
Furry



FARMERS' PHONEBOOK 2000 YEAR OF CONTESTS FREE CONTEST

Dozens of Winners already have received valuable merchandise and even cash! Watch *The Western Producer* newspaper for the **FREE CONTEST** ad for your opportunity to enter.

There is no cost to enter, and no purchase necessary. You simply need to hold on to your *Farmers' Phonebook* so you can answer the draw questions.

Draws are held every two weeks.

Farmers' Phonebook advertisers who wish to ensure they are included by providing merchandise or other prizes may contact Teresa at **1-800-667-6929**.

Featured advertisers so far include KPMG Trustee in Bankruptcy, Minute Muffler & Brake (Regina), AMA Insurance (Alberta Motor Association), and the Western Canadian Agrologist Institutes.